DAGON's FALL:

OR,

The WHIGS Lamentation for the Death of

Anthony King of Poland.

To the Tune of, *Philander*, &c.

[1]

AH Cruel Bloody Fate!
VVhat canst thou now do more?
Alais! 'tis now too late
Poor *Toney* to restore:
VVhy should the flattering Fates persuade,
That *Toney* still should live,
In *England* here,
Or in *Holland* there,
Yet all our hopes deceive.

[2]

A Noble Peer He was,
And of Notorious Fame;
But now He's gone (alas!)
A Pilgrim o're the Main:
The Prop and Pillar of our hope
The Patron of our CAUSE;
The Scorn and Hate
Of Church and State,
The Urchin of the Laws.

[3]

Of matchless Policy
Was this Renowned Peer,
The bane of Monarchy,
The Peoples Hope and Fear,
The Joy of all *True-Protestants*,
The *Tories* Scorn and Dread;
But now He's gone
VVho curst the Throne,
Alas! poor *Toney*'s dead.

[4]

For *Commonwealth* He stood,
Pretending *Liberty*;
And for the *Publick Good*
VVould pull down *Monarchy*:
The Church and State he would divorce,
The Holy CAUSE to wed:
And in time did hope
To confound the Pope,
To be himself the Head.

[5]

A TAP in's side he bore,
To broach all sorts of Ill,
For which Seditious Store
The Croud ador'd him still:
He spit his Venom through the Town,
VVith which the Saints possest,
VVould preach and prate
'Gainst Church and State,
VVhile He perform'd the rest.

[6]

VVhen any change of State,
Or Mischief was at hand,
He had a working Pate,
And Devil, at command:
He forg'd a PLOT, for which the Heads
Of Faction gave their Votes;
But now the PLOT
Is gone to pot,
VVhat will become of *Oates*?

[7]

Under the fair pretence
Of *Right*, *Religion*, *Law*,
Excluding the *True Prince*,
The Church would overthrow:
With such Religious Shams he brought
The Rabble on his side;
And, for his sport,
The *Town* and *Court*
In *Parties* would divide.

[8]

Now what's become of all
His squinting Policy,
VVhich wrought your *Dagon's Fall*,
From Justice forc'd to flie?
Old and Decrepid, full of pains,
As he of Guilt was full:
He fell to Fate,
And now (too late)
He leaves us to condole.

[9]

Now, learn ye *Whigs* in time,
By his deserved Fall,
To expiate his Crime,
E're Fate revenge you all;
For *Rights*, *Religion*, *Liberty*,
Are but the Sham-pretence
To *Anarchy*;
But *Loyalty*
Obeys the Lawful Prince:

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